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The College News

VOL. XIX, No. 10 BRYN MAWR AND WAYNE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1933 Copyright BRYN MAWR COLLEGE NEWS, 1932 PRICE 10 CENTS

Mr. Lipson Speaks on Industrial Revolution

New Consciousness of Labor Class Follows Rise of Factory System

3 REFORM PROGRAMS

Under the auspices of the Department of History, Mr. Ephraim Lipson, Reader in Economic History at Oxford, and Lowell Lecturer at Harvard, gave a talk January 14 on *The English Labor Movement in the Nineteenth Century*. The dominating fact in the economic history of the period, he maintained, was the conflict of capital and labor, which resulted from the sudden development of class consciousness among workers.

The nineteenth century, Mr. Lipson remarked at the beginning of his lecture, was the germinal time of many movements which have only recently borne fruit; the initial stages of the political Labor Party, the well organized trade unions, and the network of co-operative stores may all be traced to this century, which was also the formative period of socialistic thought and ideas concerning the claims of labor.

It has often been said that the proletariat (a class possessing no property, but subsisting entirely on wages) was created by the Industrial Revolution. Actually, however, a wage earning class had existed in Europe for centuries. Factories did not establish a new relation between employer and employed, or suddenly arouse the antagonism of capital and labor, which was already acute in the eighteenth century, but the introduction of machinery which necessitated the factory system, and the concentration of many workers under a single roof, made the workers of the nineteenth century newly conscious of their separate identity, and quickened their sense of corporate interest. The great wealth produced by the machine was resentfully contrasted with the striking inequalities of distribution.

Conditions among the early industrial workers were certainly the nadir of civilized barbarity. Poverty, insecurity, intemperance, bad housing, all the ills inherent in a period of transition, were practically universal evils, in no way lessened by the moderating influence of education — schools for workers' children were non-existent. Out of a class thus demoralized the

(Continued on Page Four)

Number of Candidates for Varsity Reduced

Candidates for the Varsity team have already settled down for the long grind in hopes of making the permanent squad. The number has been reduced to twenty-seven, with the probability of a further cut this week.

Faeth, Meirs and Baker are still excellent prospects for the left forward position as Collier's running mate. Although Faeth is steady and accurate, her passes are a bit slow and as a result Collier, who depends on speed and short passes to get her into scoring position, is slowed up considerably. Meirs is also a bit tardy about passing, but plays the quick, short-shot game for which Collier is famous. Baker has turned out exceedingly well in the last few practices. She combines quick, clever passwork with an accuracy in long as well as chip shots, which should give her somewhat of a lead over her rivals for the position.

Although Longacre and Remington

(Continued on Page Four)

News Tryouts

The College News announces that competition is now open for positions on the Business Board. Members of the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes are urged to try out. See Mabel Meehan, Denbigh 64, any day between 1.30 and 2.00.

Noted Scientist Visits Bryn Mawr

PROF. AUGUST PICCARD (left), recent explorer of the stratosphere, photographed with his twin brother, Jean Felix Piccard, and the latter's wife, Mrs. Jeannette Ridlon Piccard (B. M. 1918), during his visit to Bryn Mawr last Monday.

Miss Park Indicts Personal Dishonesty

Inaccuracy in Thought and Language Prevails in This Country

HONESTY NEEDED

Miss Park, speaking on "Personal Honesty" in chapel, January 13, stressed the need, in this country particularly, for intellectual honesty that does not admit inaccurate and indistinct acting, thinking, and speaking.

The English language as used in America has lost considerably by a disregard for the accuracy which is a large part, even nearly the whole, of honesty in language. American tradition has no liking for accuracy in literature: the frontier humor which is recognized as characteristically American is based on exaggeration and grotesque juxtaposition of words and ideas. English is essentially inexact compared with the inflected languages, but through disregard our language is getting even more limited by the use of general terms for specific words. Our colloquial language does not fit the mold of thought and in consequence our thought is "wrapped in cotton wool." Indeed, the pleasure of reading the dialogue in Ernest Hemingway and Ring Lardner lies in getting the meaning behind the clumsy, inaccurate speech.

This inaccuracy reaches beyond

(Continued on Page Three)

CALENDAR

Wed., Jan. 18—Dr. Beebe will speak on *Four Hundred Fathoms Deep*. Goodhart, 8.30. Reserved seats.

Wed., Jan. 18—French Club Tryouts for the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

Sun., Jan. 22—Chapel. Rev. Dr. W. Brooke Stabler, of the University of Pennsylvania, will speak in chapel, 7.30 P. M.

Tues., Jan. 23—The Hampton Quartet. Goodhart.

Wed., Jan. 24 — Industrial League Conference. Dr. Carl de Schweinitz will speak. Common Room, 7.30 P. M.

Exhibit of Gouaches by Weber Will Open Here

(Specially Contributed by Caroline F. Berg)

An exhibit of twenty gouaches by Max Weber will open this week in the Common Room of Goodhart, and will continue until the latter part of February. These are loaned by the J. B. Neumann Print Gallery, 40 East 49th street, New York City, and make up the first showing held here this year. It will be followed by a color print exhibit and, it is hoped, by a comprehensive show.

Max Weber is a prominent painter of the American Expressionist school, which dates from the exhibition at the Photo-Seccession Gallery, the famous "291" in New York, for which Alfred Stieglitz is largely responsible. The first exhibition of American moderns was held in 1910, and included Weber, Dove, Hartley and Marin, who were already an important group. In 1911, Max Weber held a one-man show. Like the other members of the group, which later included Walkowitz, Bluemner and Georgia O'keeffe, the development of his art was effected by the personality and photographic work of Steiglitz.

Weber was an early Cezannist, one of the first American pioneers, with a fine talent, if a little derivative at times from Cezanne, Picasso, and Rousseau. His special gift is for organization. He came near to grasping that structural thing beyond even Cezanne, which the German Expressionists seek so feverishly. His gouaches are painted with opaque colors that have been ground in water and mixed with a preparation of gum.

It is hoped that the college and friends, and any outsiders interested will take the opportunity of becoming familiar with these lovely little paintings during the coming month. A number of them are for sale, and will be accompanied by a price list available to those considering a purchase.

Erratum

The *News* very much regrets an erratum in last week's issue. In announcing Miss Jane Bradley's engagement an error was made in the name of her fiance, who is Midshipman Wagstaff, U. S. Naval Academy, '33.

PROFESSOR AUGUST PICCARD AND BROTHER PAY BRIEF VISIT TO BRYN MAWR SCIENCE LABORATORY

Famous Scientist Explored Stratosphere to Height of 10.3 Miles From Point in Switzerland in Free Balloon With Scientific Instruments

DOES NOT ASSUME HEROIC POSE FOR HIS FEAT

Professor August Piccard, famed explorer of the stratosphere, came and went at Bryn Mawr so swiftly last Monday that scarcely anyone not in Dalton at the time realized that he was here. It is to Mrs. Jean Piccard (Jeannette Ridlon, Bryn Mawr, 1918) that we owe the visit of the scientist, for she was anxious for him to see the campus and get a first hand impression of an American women's college. Accompanied by his twin brother, Jean, and his wife, who have established their residence in Marshallton, just outside of Wilmington, Professor Piccard motored from Wilmington in the morning, had lunch with President Park, and then paid a brief and very informal visit to Dalton. The reporters from the Philadelphia papers knew of the intended visit long before the college did, and were storming the publicity office for information long before noon. Word was sent out that he was coming and might possibly be persuaded to say a few words to professors, graduates, and science students, and, in consequence, two-thirty found the Biology lecture room jammed with a highly expectant audience.

Professor Piccard and his party arrived at Dalton about two-thirty and were immediately pounced upon by press photographers. He obligingly posed for photographs, together with Mr. and Mrs. Jean Piccard and President Park, and then took several snapshots for himself before going on his inspection tour of the laboratories. Informed of his waiting audience, Professor Piccard laughingly apologized for his lack of English and said that he was afraid that he was not properly dressed up to face such a distinguished gathering. However, he consented to put in an appearance although his iron-clad contract with a Lecture Booking Bureau prevented his saying anything beyond that he was glad of an opportunity to visit Bryn Mawr, and thanked us for the fine weather we had "commande" ("managed" obligingly volunteered by his combined brother and interpreter) for his stop-over. With that closed Professor Piccard's "lecture" and the audience, all optimistically equipped with glasses, pencils, and paper, clapped vigorously.

The scientist then visited the laboratories, which he considered "well equipped," gave numerous signatures to excited undergraduates, laughingly side-stepped the *News* reporter, and departed, not however without leaving the college with a distinctly charming memory of one of the world's greatest scientists and explorers.

Professor Piccard consistently refuses to accept the role of a hero as a result of his ascent to a height of 10.3 miles into the stratosphere in a free balloon, accomplished last summer from a starting point in Switzerland. The flight was not dangerous, he said, and could have been accomplished by any one of the millions inhabiting the globe. In fact, "It was so easy that it is surprising no one has thought of doing it before." The preparations for the flight were comparatively simple and the flight itself uneventful. There is no motion to speak of in a free balloon, and no danger of seasickness, and also Professor Piccard was too busy with his scientific instruments to notice how he felt. Since his flight, and in spite of a popular account of it published by Professor Piccard in Italy, he has been deluged with questions concerning "what he saw" at the altitude of 10.3 miles, and how he felt, — one little girl writing to know if he saw any angels. The answer to all these questions is simply that he neither saw nor felt anything, which more or less disposed of us. He does not plan another journey into the upper regions, feeling that it is someone's else turn to "have fun." He is highly interested in aviation, and asked his audience in the Biology laboratory if any of them had been up in a balloon. One brave individual answered in the affirmative, but her adventure had been in a dirigible, which, according to the professor, was vastly different from a free balloon.

Professor Piccard arrived in America only a few days ago to be met in quarantine by a bevy of reporters, who wanted to know his impressions of America long before he had put foot on our shores. He plans to remain about three months, during which time he will lecture throughout the country. Those students wishing to hear him should watch for the announcement of his Philadelphia engagement.

At 3.30 the scientist, whom everyone in the world except himself credits with very important discoveries and experiments, departed for Wilmington with, we hope, as pleasant a memory of us as we have of him.

New Lantern Editors Are Competent Writers

Sound, Unpretentious Work Commendable for Freedom From Stiffness

POEMS SURPASS PROSE

(Specially Contributed by Miss Glen)

The *Lantern* starts the year with its new editors; there are on the editorial board several people whom the present reviewer knows to be competent writers and judges of writing—this implies no reflection on the competence of past boards, for (this is true, though disgraceful) it is the first time that it has occurred to the reviewer to read the names set forth on the first page.

The chief editor's witty and discoursive preface speaks modestly of the aims and still more modestly of the attainments of college magazines. She asks for informal essays and plays as well as stories and poems; we should like to see also reviews of current books and plays, and of college plays—there have been good reviews in the *Lantern* in the past—more narrative of all kinds, experiments in narrative; and we do not think that the *Lantern* would fall from its high place if it occassionally included articles on topically interesting subjects.

This issue contains sound, unpretentious writing and is, on the whole, commendably free from stiff, self-conscious, and too-ambitious work. The poetry reaches a higher level than the prose does. The best of the poems is Miss Thompson's rather ambitious "Crescent Scythe"; it is strong and sincere and good writing. The rest of the poems are easily written; those that have a pleasant lightness of purpose are best; "Phaeton" somehow misses its point, and the point of "Resurrexit" is stifled by repetition.

In prose, there is a story vaguely in the early Kipling manner and an informal essay, both slight but pleasantly written; the "Sea Beast" is enjoyable to read because the writing is effortlessly mature; Miss Burnett's essay is a good precedent

There is a gratifying number of Freshman contributors to this issue; we hope there will be many more contributors, of all years, to the next.

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Under Fire

As we write everyone is saying, "Oh, ah, two weeks ago to-night." They say it futilely, then gaze into space and think of reports and dare not think of mid-years. An outsider would say, "How pathetic!" and the outsider would be right. It is pathetic, the relaxation of moral fibre after holidays and before examinations, a giving-way which occurs annually. Miss Park suggests that we remain healthy and unafraid. Our opinion is that health is a purely personal idiosyncracy, but the dearth of moral fibre is directly due to mass fear on the campus.

The thought that we, presumably educated and self-controlled undergraduates, should surrender to mob panic is humiliating. Everyone, at this time, has a certain proportion of work still in the raw, but the ratio of work done and work to do changes as one contemplates it. The unfinished section of an assignment assumes the size of a Blatant Beast. To meet the monster, we must turn into a regiment of Red Cross Knights and cultivate moral fibre. If the word is not to your liking, nor the spirit, we suggest resort to the methods of Dr. Coue of post-war fame. Tell yourself that you are undoubtedly very intelligent, but don't allow the self-deception to become permanent.

To be Posted

—And now we are faced by the question of when and where conversation shall thrive. Few people believe more strongly than we that conversation is an art, and the cultivation of it essential to a well-rounded personality; but we also believe that there are limits of place and time. To the people who do not observe these limits we address our editorial.

The smoking-room is dedicated to noise and frolic from the hours of eight, or perhaps nine, in the morning to eleven at night. After that it is given over to noise and gloom. We wish to eliminate the noise made by intemperate conversationalists, and, consequently, some of the gloom of another class.

At this season the smoking-room after eleven o'clock is thronged with would-be authors. They have no other place to go unless they wish to die of cold, and they do not assemble for the purpose of having a good talk before going to bed at two, three, or four o'clock, according as the report in hand is ten, twenty, or thirty pages long. It is well known that authors are touchy people whose creative processes are retarded by any distraction. Nightly the distraction is furnished by groups of two and three who stray into the smoking-room, giggling and making conversation. We do not think our plea will touch their hearts because they must, by now, be hardened against all the common feelings of humanity. What we want is a rising, starting among the report proletariat, and calculated to shake the very foundations of the idle and stiff-necked aristocracy. Union is the remedy—remember, "United we stand; divided we go insane!"

Philosophers in Pembroke

It is a secret sorrow in not a few breasts at this moment that the American Philosophical Society came and went without our catching so much as a glimpse of any of them. Their visit in these parts is covered with a veil of mystery that is tantalizing, to say the least. We left the campus one Friday—most of us—and arrived on a Tuesday, some two weeks later. In the interim we know that a great aggregation of the best minds in America inhabited our hallowed halls, but for all the traces they left, the thing might have been a dream. The few exceptions to this make the thing even more tantalizing and some of the favored few in Pembroke in whose rooms traces of the occupation remained until Tuesday are intrigued, to say the least.

There was one fortunate pair, who, bitten by curiosity even before the event and perhaps better hostesses than most, left notes for their guests and on their return were greeted by extremely nice replies *and* a box of candy and the new Lawrence translation of the *Odyssey*. Other guests left other tokens of gratitude for courtesies shown them, but none more delightful than these, unless it be the following poem which we reprint, hoping that its gifted author has not yet copyrighted it, and with the kind permission of its recipient, Polly Cooke. It is typewritten on the stationery of the American Philosophical Association, Eastern Division; Harold A. Larrabee, Secretary-Treasurer. Miss Cooke explains the eighth line by the fact that a plaster cast of a hand and a foot grace her mantle.

To the Rightful Occupant of P. E. 14-16

If you find your room a wreck (1)
'Tis coz (2) your tenant was ye Sec.,
Who, like the often absent linnet, (3)
Was almost never, never (4) in it.
He's glad you go upon vacations,
Liking your taste in decorations—
No sniffishness his larynx throttles
On seeing hands (5) and feet in bottles.
Another thing escapes his strictures—
There are—thank God—no baby pictures! (6)
Philosophers are queer gazooks (7)
As sure as eyes belong in hooks; (8)
Among them count the Cooke's fair daughter—

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WIT'S END

TECHNOCRATS AT SCHOOL

Technocracy! How many of us came back to college brimful of this new spirit of 1933, only to find that at college we are not up-to-date and proud of it. Our little unit of civilization is singularly askew. The supply and demand in this traffic in knowledge is all out of proportion and Bryn Mawr is rocking on its grey foundations over the very thought of mid-years. It would seem that only a whole change of policy could right us again and why not take our lesson from the Technocrats? They at least sound impressive.

Technocracy formulated a policy to co-ordinate production and consumption and to do away with wasted energy. It suggests payment in terms of the Energy Dollar and it promises general prosperity. Doesn't that seem rosy?

Lately we often stop and wonder, right in the midst of a hand of bridge, "Why not a college Technocracy?" We are all too, too aware of the problem of supply and demand. To be sure, we differ from economic society in that here the demand far exceeds the production. But over-demand is even more depressing than over-production, and the problem needs solving. Are we cowards?

College Technocracy would immediately take into consideration the energy we expend in production, which we have always felt with bitterness was overlooked. Imagine a course card filled out with so many energy units per semester, returned to us after exams with marks in credits energy! Everyone would he happy, feeling that the problem in production was at last solved. Those grueling hours spent looking for books that we found the professor had taken out the night before, would be brought to the attention of the faculty, and at last our reasons for feeling slighted in past payments for production would be vindicated. And who wouldn't be glad to see those infuriating college capitalists brought to trial—those members of our social group who prepare for exams in a comfortable chair with a Cosmopolitan and a package of Chesterfields, whose low-cost product brings in untold profit. The elimination of wasted energy would soon see the flight of these rats who have gnawed through the hull of the good ship Bryn Mawr—and profit would at last be distributed fairly.

And Technocracy promises us leisure! Ah, leisure! With a short working day, every Bryn Mawr girl could assure far better use of those leisure hours than the great American public promises Technocracy experts. We have already spent days, months, in planning and dreaming of the first moment of leisure that our government would give us. And college Technocracy, my friends, promises the early realization of those dreams.

Technocracy is new, but let no one pass it by as a mere fad, like *Night and Day*. It 's our way out—the former, I mean—and why not let Bryn Mawr be the first to prove that the technocrats are right? And if they're not right we can prove that they're wrong.

—*The Robot.*

IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEW NO. A-1:

Pres. Stark and the Budding Reporter.

Pres.—Good morning, Miss Pfiffle. We are going to have a directors' meeting, but what can I do for you?

Pf.—Pres. Stark, I want to lodge a petition.

Pres. (raising eyebrows) — You know I am always delighted to hear any complaint.

Pf.—There is strong sentiment in the student body for the abolition of reports, and once feeling is aroused many arguments can be adduced in favor of such a step.

Pres.—I am always glad to listen to reason, however unreasonable.

Pf.—In the first place there are too many reports; my roommate has thirteen. They should be done away with to remove temptation from the faculty.

Pres.—That would involve a lowering of standards.

Pf.—If there were no reports, we couldn't talk about them, and we would be compelled to discover new topics of conversation; think of the training for our powers of conversation!

Pres.—The idea has possibilities!

Pf.—Just think — abolish reports, and there would be no more reports of committees, no more reports of the treasurer, no more reports of the president.

Pres.—No more reports to the Board of Directors! I will add my name to your petition at once and present it to the trustees. They dislike income tax reports, and will be most sympathetic. No more bad newspaper reports, either!

Pf.—I knew you'd understand.

Pres.—You are a young woman of ideas, Miss Pfiffle; they should carry you far.

Some girls long for evening dress
With daring decollete;
Some for shorts that are detested
By the faculty.

Some want furs, while some would go
With less on than a Hindoo;
But I want clothes especially made
For climbing in a window.

—*Pitter-Patter.*

You and we, the sun and moon, are heavenly powers—
We cede to you the day, the evening's ours.
The toll of seven finds your work begun;
When Dalton's doors are locked, our work is done.

—*Adamant Eve.*

Working on the four-hour day of the technocrats we find we have no time for a last line — reports, you know.

Cheero—
THE MAD HATTER.

News of the New York Theatres

Gilbert Miller has just bought a new play from R. C. Sheriff, who wrote *Journey's End*, and will produce it in London with Cedric Hardwicke as the lead. If it's a success, Broadway will see it next season. The idea being that if a play goes well in London, Americans will eat it up. That's a good rule for comedies and farces, but we are not convinced of its applicability to more serious drama. As an example, take *Autumn Crocus*, which stood London on its ear, and owes its minute Broadway success solely to Francis Lederer.

Chamberlain Brown is opening a new play soon, whose only remarkable feature is its title, *The Hope of a Tree*. Our guess is—to be let alone by the theatre—what's yours?

All the theatres have finally caught on to the existence of the depression and prices for almost all shows are down. It's about time that the producers saw the writing on the wall and stopped asking $4.40 a seat when everyone of any importance is too broke to buy a hot dog. The shows concerned in the drop are *Walk a Little Faster, The Gay Divorce, Another Language*, and *Foolscap*.

We heard a story about Radio City and its several cow barns that amused us. Roxy brought three white horses on the stage, and three women in the balcony screamed and fainted on account of they were afraid of mice. Neat, but not gaudy, in our opinion.

Hope Williams has at last tired of having *Vogue* and *Spur* take her picture on a Western pony in God's country and has returned to New York and the theatre. As soon as Jimmy Durante gets his nose out of Hollywood she is to join him in rehearsals for *Strike Me Pink*, the Lew Brown-Ray Henderson musical, which is to open in March. After the dandy nose dives put on by her last two vehicles, *The Passing Present* and *Too True to Be Good*, Miss Williams has evidently fled back to the *New Yorker* school, where one can be feeble, but get by on noise and someone's else humor.

Hospitals again pop up as settings for plays with the appearance of *Crisis*, which is now in rehearsal. If the play is as apt as the title we are promised a slice of realism and life as it really is, or shouldn't be.

Ursula Jeans, a very lovely and accomplished creature from London, made her initial American appearance last week in *Late One Evening*,

(Continued on Page Six)

IN PHILADELPHIA

Theatres

Forrest: The darky version of what goes on in Heaven—*The Green Pastures*. Still worth an evening any time.

Garrick: Henry Hull in *Springtime For Henry*, a healthy comedy farce, which many like and many do not. We did.

Coming, January 23

Garrick: Dorothy Hall and Kenneth MacKenna in a romantic interlude entitled *A Story of Love*. Sounds atrocious, but we'll wait till it opens, out of generosity.

Academy of Music

Philadelphia Orchestra. Fri. afternoon, Jan. 20, at 2.30, and Sat. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8.20. Issay Dobrowen will conduct.

Program:
Schumann .....“Manfred” Overture
Bach,
Brandenburg Concerto, No. 5, in D Major, for piano, violin, flute, and strings.
Prokofieff .....Classic Symphony
Scriabine.....Poeme de L'Extase

Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York. Bruno Walter will conduct. Lotte Lehman is to be the soloist. Mon. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8.15. Program:
Strauss.....Tone-poem, “Don Juan”
Gluck .....Aria from “Alceste”
Weber.....Aria from “Oberon”
Schubert,
Symphony in C Major, No. 7

Movies

Boyd: *Cynara*, with Ronald Colman and Kay Francis. The tragedy of a mouse (barrister), who played (shop girl) while the cat (wife) was away. Very good movie.

Stanton: Love and life on the island of Bali or *Goona Goona*. If this sort of advertising goes on any longer it will create migratory problems. A good movie if you like love and life in Bali.

Fox: Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Lupe Velez, and El Brendel in a New York night life comedy, *Hot Pepper*. We've seen this game before.

Earle: Carol Lombard in *No More Orchids*. We hope she finds a suitable substitute! Along with this high-geared romance at the bottom of the box are the Boswell Sisters on the stage.

Europa: *Virgins of Bali* continue to do nicely.

Keith's: An outboard motor boat racing story, *Speed Demon*. Sounds a little like the studio is cutting down on production costs. The next thing we'll have pony races, and electric train wrecks. Also, too much vaudeville completes the program.

Karlton: *Secrets of the French Police*—in the first place the French can't keep a secret, but they try for Hollywood. Murders, women, police and all the scenery.

Stanley: *Kid From Spain*, or Eddie Cantor plus “prety girls, music and bull fights.” Funny.

Local Movies

Ardmore: Wed. and Thurs., John Barrymore and Katherine Hepburn in *Bill of Divorcement;* Fri., *Heritage of the Desert*, with Randolph Scott and Sally Blane; Sat., *Me and My Gal*, with Spencer Tracy and Joan Bennett; Mon. and Tues, Irene Dunne in *The Thirteenth Woman;* Wed. and Thurs., James Dunn and Boots Mallory in *Handle With Care*.

Seville: Wed., *Kongo*, with Walter Huston and Lupe Velez; Thurs., Fri. and Sat., Polly Moran and Marie Dressler in *Prosperity;* Mon. and Tues., Clara Bow in *Call Me Savage;* Wed. and Thurs., *Scarlet Dawn*, with Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Nancy Carroll.

Wayne: Wed. and Thurs., Paul Muni in *I Am A Fugitive;* Fri. and Sat., *Air Mail*, with Ralph Bellamy and Pat O'Brien; Mon. and Tues. and Wed., *Prosperity*, with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

An imposter claiming to be the famous Bert Metzger, all-American guard at Notre Dame three years ago, visited the University of North Carolina campus recently and before being identified as a fake, was “wined and dined” by scores of admiring students. His disappearance was as mysterious as his arrival, and sports authorities here are still trying to find his real identity.—(NSFA.)

More Money Needed to Open Bates House

Poor Children Have Drastic Need of Fresh Air and Good Food This Year

CO-OPERATION ASKED

(Especially Contributed by Marjorie Lee)

The Bryn Mawr League wishes to express its thanks to all those who have contributed so generously in the Bates House Drive. Realizing that those who gave would probably like to know how much was made, and where the bulk of the money goes, the League takes this opportunity to present a brief statement of its financial situation and to make a plea for further support. So far the pledges made amount to $1,180.48; expenses have been estimated at $80.00 (including Maid's Party, Xmas Carol Party, printing and other incidentals); leaving $1,100.48 as balance to be given to Bates House for its running expenses during the coming summer. $300.00 was left over from last year's running expenses, which, added to the $121.00 made so far on sandwiches, and to the $30.00 on the calendars, makes a total balance of $1,631.48. The minimum amount necessary to open Bates House at all is $2,200.00, which leaves a deficit of $568.52 to be made up between now and the end of May.

The League is most anxious to secure co-operation in making up this deficit as soon as possible, for it feels very strongly that it would be most unfortunate to abandon Bates House this year of all years, when its benefits are most needed.

Almost 100 children from the hot, cramped streets of the slums of New York and Philadelphia come in June and July to Bates House for a few weeks of healthy sea air and sunshine. They come down in groups of 30 or so, for a period of two weeks, to play in the sand and to rest, away from the tense atmosphere of homes depressed by unemployment conditions. Milk and good food—a change from their perpetual home diet of bread and macaroni—frequent naps, and long days of sunshine build up these undernourished children in a surprisingly short time. Most of them go home several pounds heavier, with new color in their cheeks and a healthy sunburn—all of them better prepared to meet the demands of the long hard months ahead.

As Bates' House is supported entirely by Bryn Mawr, it is most urgent that everyone give her support in raising the money necessary to make this summer's work possible. Any contributions, however small, will be greatly appreciated, and may be sent to Helen Leidy, Merion.

"The craving for superiority and its attendant disappointments are the bases for most of our mental problems," says Dr. Andrew Woods.

Miss Park Indicts Personal Dishonesty

(Continued from Page One)

language to influence even our way of thinking. The difficulty of summarizing sermons and political speeches may be traced to the lack of accurate thought as a framework for public speaking. Again, we find a marked inaccuracy in the distortion of emphasis in newspaper headlines.

When we return from this inaccuracy of language and of everyday literature to dishonesty, there is a common round of a blurred kind of thinking and acting. That there is a general American tolerance of this is evinced in the endurance of municipal government. The great numbers of the population affected by the corruption work only intermittently at best for reform: the atmosphere of dishonesty is tolerated with no attempt to break it down.

Even in our college circle this blurred thinking is shown in two situations, both involving inaccuracy and actual dishonesty. There is a general carelessness about common property, about things belonging to no one in particular, such as books and college furniture. And the impossibility of leaving articles for sale in the halls is proof that this carelessness comes both into a blurred form of thinking and into actual dishonesty itself. A second field in which intellectual dishonesty is present is evident in connection with work not accurately one's own — whether the borrowed ideas are those of some writer or some neighbor.

"No person who likes things ordered or patterned can be aesthetically dishonest": Turning from aesthetic and intelligent flaws in honesty we must develop a system of thought, of philosophy, resting on a clearly defined ground of what is intelligently, aesthetically right. If language represents thought accurately then conduct should represent our philosophy of life, and that way of living determines our honesty—which is personal only for a short time, after which it is moved out of temporary situations and becomes what this country needs so much: pure honesty.

European College Gives Both Travel and Study

Identified with the progressive education movement the American Peoples College in Europe is offering American students an interesting combination of travel and study.

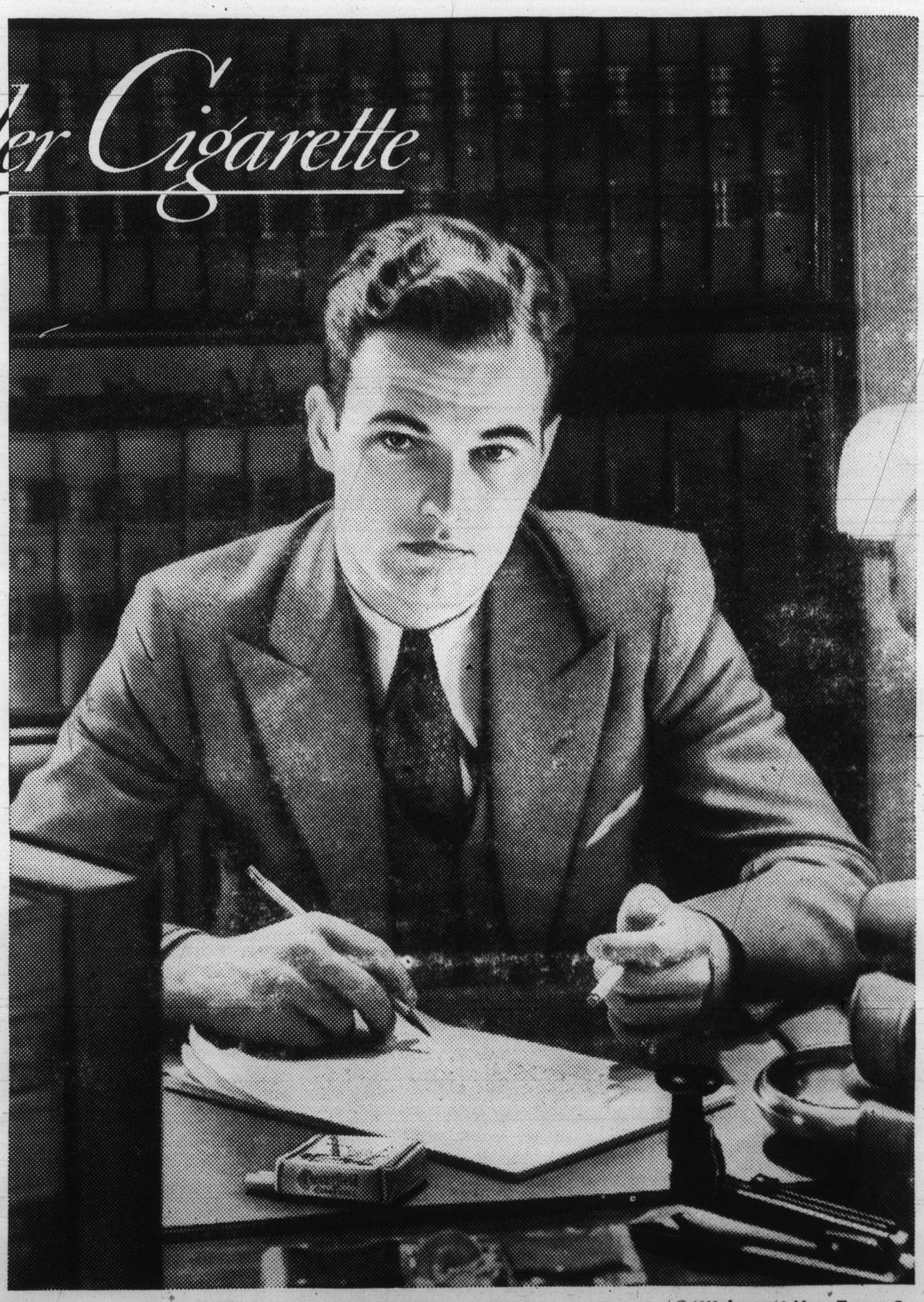
Short summer courses, which include travel in eight European countries, and longer courses up to those of fifteen months in length have been made possible at a minimum cost through the co-operation of foreign governments, youth movement centers, and educational organizations. Three months of study and travel under the auspices of the college may be had for $390, including round-trip steamer fare, and a whole year in Europe for $860.

The advisory committee sponsoring the college, which is but three years old, includes such leading American educators as Dr. John Dewey, of Columbia University, chairman; Dr. Jay B. Nash, head of health and physical education at New York University; Dr. William H. Kirkpatrick, of Columbia University; Dr. Harry A. Overstreet, of the College of the City of New York; Dr. Robert Morse Lovett, of the University of Chicago, and Dr. George S. Counts, of the International Institute.

The new college has its informal headquarters in Oetz, in the Tyrol, a picturesque town high in the Austrian Alps, and the students live in attractive pensions in the village. There are no set entrance requirements, no formal courses, text books or examinations, but each group of Americans going over, whether it be for nine weeks, three months, six months, or a year, spends some time at the college to which European as well as American leaders of thought are giving generously of their time. Here informal lectures on world conditions are given which, followed by group discussions, provide an intelligent background for the European trips which follow.

For those who desire credit, arrangements have been made for study at several continental universities, through which credit may be obtained and transferred. Dr. Jay B. Nash, of New York University, is chairman of the admissions committee, which has its American headquarters at 55 West 42nd street, New York City.

"I'm working and Smoking overtime—hence a *Milder Cigarette*



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Mr. Lipson Speaks on Industrial Revolution

(Continued from Page One)

early reformers strove to build up a strong labor movement, the backbone of which proved to be, not the famished hand loom weavers, but the relatively well-paid factory operators, who wanted security above everything else. As Carlyle pointed out, the best paid workers complained most because they were the ones who could, literally, afford to complain.

If one does not idealize the age before the Industrial Revolution, it must be admitted that the machine has undoubtedly been beneficial in its ultimate effects, and has improved the conditions of the workers, but the evils of the new system of production were more evident to contemporaries than the advantages. There was a complete breakdown of the old English institutions designed by the state to protect workers. The increasing amounts of capital needed to purchase machinery meant the loss of opportunities for wage earners to attain mastership and economic independence. The growth of an industrial population with no traditions to give it stability, and the mingling in large towns of such diverse social elements as skilled craftsmen, agricultural laborers, and Irish immigrants with low standards of living, give thoughtful people a feeling of chaos and instability.

Society seemed to be breaking up into new classes which were really opposite camps—employers and employed, whose hostility after the introduction of large scale production, was no longer lessened by personal contact. A clash of interests between the two was inevitable, and aroused grave fears of social revolution. The governing class, mistrustful of labor aspirations, adopted a policy of intimidation and repression and only consented to give labor a share of political power after their suspicions had been allayed.

What possible solutions could be found for these pressing social problems? In the decades following the Napoleonic Wars, Englishmen tried to anwer this question wisely. The manufacturers demanded the repeal of the Corn Laws, and world-wide free trade to promote the exchange of foreign wheat for English manufactures. The Malthusian economists attributed the existence of poverty to the pressure of population on natural resources, and suggested the diminishing of population by emigration and by stringent administration of the poor laws. The great Robert Owen was, however, unsympathetic and said, "Mankind will always be able to produce as much food as necessary." Another proposed remedy was inflation, or the amendment of the currency. Economic stagnation was attributed to the shortage of gold to serve as a medium of exchange; Thomas Atwood, a banker's son, proposed the issue of paper money to balance production with productive demand. A group of Tory Democrats, among whom were Coleridge, Southey, Michael Sadler and Richard Osler, based their philosophy on the preservation of the existing fabric of society, but postulated the obligation of privileged classes to justify their wealth and power through public service.

The workers also had their own programs of reform. The Socialists hoped to establish voluntary co-operative enterprises by which labor could direct its own economic salvation. This was distinct from State socialism, which provides for government ownership and control of the instruments of production. The Chartists wanted to capture the government and establish the ascendancy of labor by parliamentary methods. The trade unionists, recognizing the necessity of capitalists as a factor in production, or at least considering them too powerful to be eliminated, sought, instead, to obtain the demands of labor by collective bargaining.

The history of these three groups of workers is really the story of the labor movement to the present day. The era of revolutionary fervor and intense social unrest which seemed to threaten the disintegration of society was followed at the middle of the century by a contrasting period of calm, during which labor was the ally or the handmaid of liberalism, and became trained to constitutionalism while Parliament abandoned laissez-faire and made concession to labor. This change was the result of the widespread prosperity which England enjoyed, and the workers quietly devoted their energy to organizing trade unions and establishing co-operative stores. When seven years of economic distress followed the years of plenty, revolutionary sentiment again appeared, and the labor movement was reborn.

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New Gospel of Christ Will Rise Above Materialism

"There are only two possible philosophies," said the Rev. Dr. George Wood in Chapel Sunday night, "from which to choose a guide for life, here and hereafter,—one is that of materialism, which teaches that men are chips on the mysterious set of the cosmos, believing in nothing but time and space, and the second is that of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

The quality of one's life depends entirely upon this choice, for the latter only, in this 20th Century, can give a complete, well-rounded existence. Before the War everyone was told, and believed, that art, culture and science, as dispensed by first rate universities, could build a happy race, but that "bubble burst in 1914, and Americans are now commonly designated as a thoroughly disillusioned people." The depression has shown them how fallible are their politicians and their self-made business men. What other alternative can be accepted now to displace that of the Gospel of Jesus Christ,—the dead tradition of the past upheld by the orthodox Christians, or a modern humanitarianism, a "hail-fellow-well-met" positivism, which preaches "ad infinitum and ad nauseam" such copybook maxims as Emerson's "Hitch your wagon to a star?"

The Gospel, as it is now taught, is new, and is based on findings relative to the personality of Christ and the early religious beliefs. "One can know Jesus better now than in any generation since that which contained the original Twelve Disciples, because for the last fifty years more scientific scholarship and technical analysis than ever has been expended in documentary criticism of the early Hebraic writings." In fact only those having specialized in that subject ought to be permitted to write on it. The Rev. Dr. Wood delivered an indictment upon modern colleges because no courses in scientific criticism of the Biblical narratives are ever given. The botanist and the physicist are not capable of explaining the phenomenon of Christ, or of rating His value to humanity. Modern investigation has shown Christ as a being who emerged twenty centuries ago in the backwater of the Roman Empire and who taught the fundamentals of religion for about eighteen months until he encountered the opposition of age-old superstitions. To all questions concerning who He was He answered, "I am the Son of Man," which term meant "the center of the spiritual kingdom and the judge of humanity." "It is orthodox, non-scientific and static nonsense to talk of Christ as the man who in the Bible coddled children and smelled lilies, for that man is merely a myth. The Gospel of today presents Christ as the master-technician of human life,—one who knows all the joys and sorrows of its process. The Gospel of today shows one how to achieve eternal life by becoming, in a genuine spiritual sense, 'bone of the bone, and flesh of the flesh' with Christ. This creed may be summarized by the text: 'Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden.'"

Farewell to Arms

In *A Farewell to Arms*, now playing at the Paramount Theatre in New York, after a run of several weeks at the Criterion, the screen once more handles a popular novel with consummate skill. Possibly a war story is especially adaptable; we recall the success of the screen version of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. At any rate, *A Farewell to Arms* should in no way disappoint Mr. Hemingway's admirers. As for us, it was a pleasant surprise.

There are probably few people who do not know, at least from hearsay, the romance of the little English nurse and the American soldier, who, with cannons to the right of them, cannons to the left of them, are so drawn to each other that, as Catherine assures us at the end, even death doth not part. The producers are to be congratulated on having resisted the temptation of the "happy ending," which even the screen authors of *Maedchen in Uniform* could not withstand. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hemingway has been closely followed, except in the case of the first meeting of the lovers, which, occurring in the picture during an air raid, is anything but casual.

From the point of view of writing, then, the film has the same faults as the book, the greatest of which is perhaps the failure to make its point; whatever else we may lay to the fault of the war, we cannot see that it was responsible for the tragedy of these particular lovers. Certainly it is not only in war-time that women die in child-birth. Nor does the war even keep the lovers apart; wounded, the man is nursed back to health by none other than Catherine herself, and when quite restored, he deserts. Furthermore, bringing them together in the first place, the war could not but add zest to what, in peace, might have been a completely prosaic affair; the din of battle must surely heighten one's emotions.

On the other hand, and contrary to our expectations, on becoming visible, Mr. Hemingway's characters lost much of their sentimentality. To the sincerity of Gary Gooper's performance and to the conviction which Helen Hayes brought to her part is due the fact that we are quite swept along by the story, and that, coming to scoff, we remain almost to weep, even or perhaps we should say especially when Mr. Cooper cries into his coffee. He is, of course, extremely presentable, as well as sincere, and Miss Hayes, though far from English, is as piquant as ever. Adolphe Menjou, in the part of Rinaldi, is also excellently cast, though his performance, like the others, is characterized by its restraint, a restraint which seems far less forced than it does on paper.

Again, only once did we want to cry, "Please, Mr. Hemingway;" the unpleasant details of the book are comparatively absent from the film. With regard to the sets, however, we should not have minded a little more realism, except for the war scenes, which were intentionally impressionistic. But then, perhaps Italian mountains really do look expensive; nature may be grand after all.

Another feature of the picture, which, it seems to us, was out of keeping with a tone of simplicity, was the music; Catherine passed gently away to the strains of nothing less than the *Liebestod*.

On the whole, however, in the opinion of this column at least, it is in the movies, and not in the book or the play, which was unsuccessful despite the acting, that *A Farewell to Arms* appears to best advantage.—L. C.

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Current Book News

The Country Book Shop of Bryn Mawr sends us the following book news:

Nobody likes to wade through catalogs. So, for your convenience, we're listing the high spots in January books.

Ann Vickers, by Sinclair Lewis, and H. G. Wells' *The Bulpington of Blup* promise interesting reading. For light entertainment—E. M. Delafield's *Provincial Lady in London*.

If the depression doesn't keep you awake evenings, these will. *Before the Fact*, by Francis Islis. Christopher Morley calls it "a masterpiece of cruelty and wit." Or you might prefer S. S. VanDine's *The Kennel Murder Case*. Speaking of Morley, have you read his *Human Being?*

And for theatregoers here's a new play opening shortly in New York—*Design For Living*, by Noel Coward.

Harold Nicolson's brilliant novel, *Public Faces*, might interest you. You know he lectured recently in Philadelphia with his wife. V. Sackville-West, author of *Family History*.

For the January jitters or February fog, you can't go wrong with the hilarious new Soglo book, *Everything's Rosy* or *Going Somewhere*—a twentieth century Alice in Wonderland, by Max Ewing.

"If my flight stimulated women's interest in flying, even though it did not really aid aviation, I believe it was completely justified," said Amelia Earhart in a recent lecture at the Institute of Arts and Sciences. "You are much safer going over fifty miles an hour in an aeroplane than in an automobile. When you do your travelling by air, sometime within the next two years, remember that I told you so."—(NSFA.)

Number of Candidates for Varsity Reduced

(Continued from Page One)

have both been absent from the last few practices, they will probably keep their old positions at center and side-center. In the meantime, Miss Grant has placed Nichols and Rothermel against Horsberg and Engle in the center court, with James and Collins as alternates at side-center.

Miss Grant will have an especially hard task in selecting the guards, because of the unusual number of excellent Varsity material. Jackson, Bowditch, Bishop and Kent are veterans of last years' team, but Bridgman has a way of breaking up passes and dribbles which places her in the first rank.

The present squad is as follows: Collier, McCormick, Faeth, Daniels, Baker, Raynor, Howe, Simmons, Longacre, Meirs, Nichols, Horsberg, Monroe, Stone, Remington, Collins, James, Rothermel, Engle, Bowditch, Jackson, Kent, Bishop, Bridgman, Little, Van Vechten, Fabyan.

Fabyan, '35, was the only one to be promoted to squad practice this week. Watch the progress of your favorites in our next installment.

The Phi Beta Kappa can expect to live two years longer than the major letterman, according to statistics based on the life of 38,269 graduates of eastern colleges, and compiled by a national life insurance company

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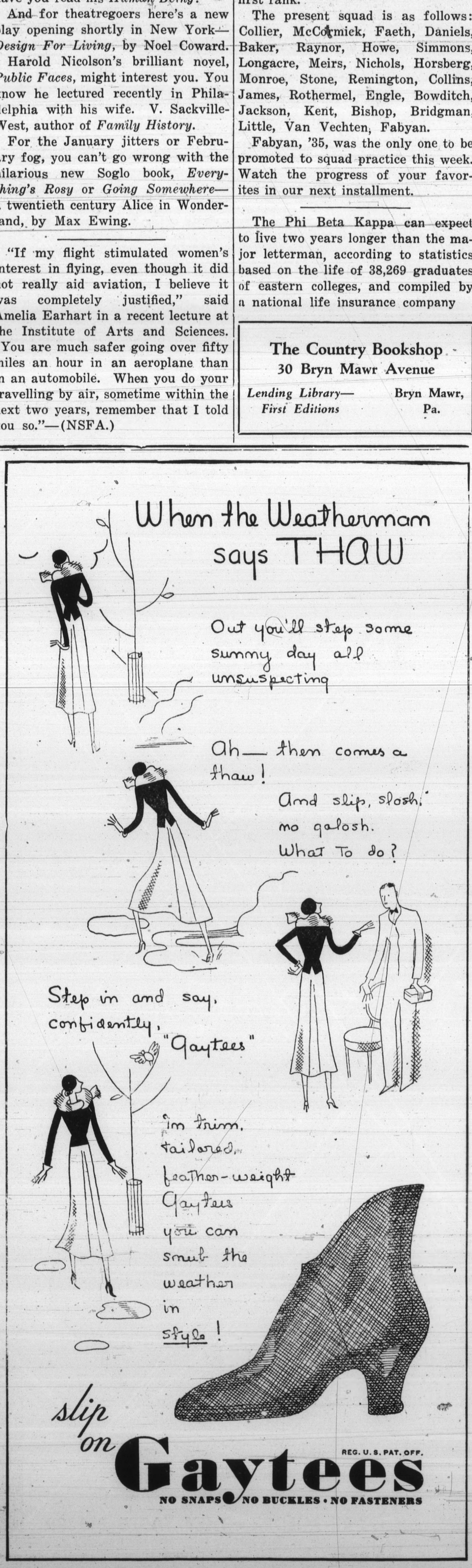

Fencers' League Holds Novice Tournament

Bryn Mawr Takes Second and Third Places Against Philadelphia

HAYES PLACES SECOND

A novice tournament of the Amateur Fencers' League of America was held in the May-Day room on Tuesday, January 10. Three of the eight contestants were from Bryn Mawr: Maria Coxe, Marianne Gateson and Marie Hayes. Gurney Fuguet, Helen Lane, Annette Mink and Helen Page represented the Sword Club of Philadelphia, and Ray Williams the Shipley School.

Each fencer was required to stand every one of her seven opponents, and there were no less than twenty-eight matches. The contest raged for three hours, at the end of which time Mink was still undefeated. To her went the medal for first place. Hayes ranked second, having lost only two bouts. Gateson was third. Like Lane, she lost three bouts, but she had against her only twenty-one touches, whereas Lane had twenty-nine.

The two most interesting bouts were Mink vs. Gateson, and Lane vs. Williams. Mink fences with a very low guard. Her attack is unusually swift, and her parries very good. She defeated Gateson, 5-4. Gateson, though fencing very well at the beginning of the contest, seemed to tire toward the end, when she lost the three matches. The Lane-Williams bout, which Lane won, 5-4, was perhaps the most careful, and brought out a number of technical points; the fencers seemed to be fencing "by rule" rather than for points alone.

Several of the contestants were indeed novices. Fuguet, who ranked fifth, has only been fencing since October, and Hayes, only for a year and a half. Throughout, the latter gave a good performance. Her attacks, however, are better than her parries.

If we may judge by the other evening, in fencing upsets are frequent. For example, Coxe defeated Gateson and lost to Williams, 5-0, although the latter had been defeated by Gateson, 5-0. Nor is it difficult to see that, in a sport which requires such delicate movements, the slightest mental jar will be disastrous.

The meet was directed by Mrs. Knight, of the American Olympic fencing team. The judges were Lucy Douglas, '35, last year's winner; Mr. Brille, of the Sword Club, and Robert Agnew, a director of the club. Mon. Fimes was present, and for the first part of the evening a pretty good audience attended. Unfortunately, the meet had to be held in the May-Day room, and quarters were slightly cramped; in her bout with Gateson Coxe narrowly escaped going through a window, thus providing much merriment. Moreover, the mat on which the battle was waged refused to be held down, even by a desk, table and piano, to say nothing of the spectators.

When a professor at Muhlenberg College declared that the human body is worth approximately ninety-seven cents, another member of the faculty went to work to prove that it is worth infinitely more than that in terms of energy. Since matter and radiation are equivalent, he argued, then if the body of a man weighing 150 pounds should completely disappear, enough energy would be released to light the football field for 5,000,000 years. Figuring out the cost of all those kilowatt hours in dollars and cents, lots of brawny half-backs would be millionaires—dead. However, the catch is that science has as yet been unable to unsnare this released energy.—(NSFA.)

The first conservatory in Europe for the teaching of jazz music has been opened in Prague by Professor Erwin Schoenhoff, who for years has studied American jazz and Negro music and utilized it in some of his own compositions.

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Book Reviews

Peking Picnic, by Ann Bridge.

It has often been noted that more can happen to change one's life and character in a few eventful days than in months of quiet routine. So it was for the little group of Europeans who went to spend a spring week-end at the Chinese temple of Chieh T'ae Ssu. Pearl Buck has aroused a wide sympathetic interest in China; now Ann Bridge in *Peking Picnic*, the new Atlantic $10,000 prize novel, describes European diplomatic life against the background of Chinese landscape, and Chinese wars.

Perhaps it was the intoxicating Peking air which created so many emotional crises in three short days, or possibly the beauty of the temple, with the fruit trees in bloom and the immense Peking plain spread out below the terraced hill; certainly the experience of facing death together at the hands of bandits left its mark on each of the captured guests.

For the party which set off so gaily for the Western Hills found the trip unexpectedly eventful. Derek, the irresponsible philanderer, was sobered by his love for a young singer; Little Annette proved unequal to the rigors of a strange climate; the reserved professor of psychology discovered the wisdom of folly; and a well-known novelist, whose mind was like nothing but a notebook, lost some of her most cherished ideas. These characters and others equally delightful are well drawn, but they assume significance only as seen through the eyes of Laura Leroy, an arresting, vital figure.

As Kipling pointed out, the life of Westerners living in the midst of an Oriental civilization in which they cannot take root, and constantly turning their thoughts toward friends at home, is a dual existence. Mrs. Leroy felt this keenly; her divided interests made her lonely, and never perfectly contented, either in England or in China. Her remark, that "women 'round about forty tend to go in for....lovers or detachment," was very true in her own case. She and the professor found themselves strongly drawn to one another, and yet she retained an aloof point of view, and made some profound generalizations.

Miss Bridge tells her story in a very capable fashion, even though at the beginning the emphasis on local color and the profusion of Chinese phrases seem to betoken an anxiety to establish at all costs her first hand knowledge of the East. There are minor unevennesses in the style, such as unnecessary repetition of words in close juxtaposition, but in the end the author proves herself a masterly landscape painter, and a clever writer of dialogue. Her greatest achievment, however, is the skill with which, by combining emphasis on the little things of daily life with the exotic beauty of the Forbidden City, and penetrating analysis of emotion with the swift action of an adventure among bandits, she has made a fundamentally subjective story not only interesting, but exciting.—E. N. H.

(*This book was loaned by courtesy of the Country Book Shop.*)

Nicodemus, by E. A. Robinson.

The "latest book" of any poet is opened fearfully by those who venerate him. One is always half-afraid to encounter within the waning power of the poet who has written too much. *Nicodemus*, a collection of recent poems by Edward Arlington Robinson, is a reassurance that the power of this poet is still in full flight.

Nicodemus, the title poem, reveals in a few moments' conversation between Caiaphas and Nicodemus, the whole faith of that little band who followed the carpenter's son of Nazareth, and the equally strong faith of the triumphant churchmen in Jerusalem. Nicodemus

"——in a long cloak that covered him
With dark humility that composed itself
Conveniently with night,"

says with meaning,

"——He was a carpenter;
But there are men who were dead yesterday,
And are alive today, who do not care
Profoundly about that."

and Caiaphas complacently answers,

"Our laws and Caesars' are enough, God knows,

——our God,
Who chastened Moses when he faltered,
And held him out of Canaan. Am I right?
Why surely I am right. I am always right.
If I were wrong I should not be a priest."

In words that are brief and clear, yet set in poetic order, Robinson conveys to our understanding the two sides of that struggle which, in a great deal more time and space, others have not made so clear for us.

Sisera and *Toussaint L'Ouverture* are not so pleasing because in his haste and desire to tell the narrative of Sisera's rout and assassination, and the conclusions of the unfortunate prisoner, Robinson has lost sight of the artistic and poetic background which should encompass his facts.

The short poems contain another on Annandale and the old *How Annandale Went Out* reprinted, *Hector Kane, The Prodigal Son, The Spirit Speaking*, and *Young Gideon*, all but the last in rhyme. They are all, excepting *The Spirit Speaking*, bits of character sketch that remind one of *Miniver Cheevy* and *The Master*.

Ponce de Leon is again character revealed through conversation and is one of the best poems in this book. It presents a very new picture of the Spanish explorer and leader, not proud of his deeds, but haunted on his death bed by the conviction of his whole life has been a wrong,

"Who sees more gates with his name over them
In blood now than in gold."

Dying he says,

"——'There is no gratitude
Awaiting me, nor silent thanks, I fear,
Save in my house, where they may well be silent
——I only hope
When I am out of this I shall not hear
Some cries, and other sounds, that I have heard
Above the music my renown has made
For my magnificence.'"

The last poem, *The March of the Cameron Men*, is by far the best poem in the book. A story out of the imagination, it is the most emotional, the most musical, and the most artistically perfect of the poems. The setting on a lonely lake inhabited by loons, and near a house where lies the body of a dead man; and the characters, a man come back after years to the woman he loves, are in themselves poetic. The underlying theme of the song within a song, "The March of the Cameron Men," bases the poem on a definite melody and by its recurrence creates unity. The melancholy of place and situation recalls *Matthias At the Door*, the house with its dead suggests *Cavender's House*, the words of the man are as beautiful a love song as Robinson has ever written. At first, triumphantly he says,

"——'I was an army,
And you the banners that were over me.'"

and later,

"'With a short road before me, I have followed
Trails that have ended only in the long,
Forlorn way of return;——
——There's more of me,
Be sure, than a man asking for a woman.'

The unearthly ululation of a loon
Tore the slow twilight with a mortal yell
Of madness, till again there was a silence.

"'I saw you on my journey, in my arms,
At the long journeys' end, and saw you smiling;

Was it all shadows then, before and after,
And all the time? Was it a shadow playing
For me when I came back there in the starlight?
Was it a shadow that inveigled me
To serve as agent of a weariness
That owns no purpose and has no remorse?"

"The highest praise one can give to *Nicodemus* is to say that it distinctly recalls Robinson's former poems. Its most important contribution to his work is the addition of a number of new character studies, penned with that gentleness, humor, and human sympathy of which Robinson is the foremost master.—C. F. G.

Read the advertisements!

Notwithstanding the depression, which is still thriving in these parts, there are forty-one cars registered for use at the Dean's office. This represents an increase of one over the number registered last year, and means that an average of one out of every fifteen Wesleyan men maintains a car.—(NSFA.)

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The day's rush is over; the night's still young. There's plenty of time for a newsy, intimate chat. The family's at home, eager to hear your voice. (They'll be there for sure if you telephone as a regular habit, the same time each week.)

What is more, it is cheapest to telephone after 8:30 P. M. That is when the low Night Rates go into effect on Station to Station calls. For 45c you can then call as far as 140 miles away!

Yes, it's surprisingly inexpensive, as these typical rates show. But be sure you make a Station to Station call. Just give your home telephone number to the operator and hold the line. If you like, the charges can be reversed.

Station to Station Call
3-Minute Conversation
Wherever applicable, Federal tax is included.

from BRYN MAWR to	Day Rate	Night Rate
WASHINGTON	$.80	$.40
BOSTON	1.45	.85
NEW YORK	.65	.35
CHICAGO	2.75	1.55
BALTIMORE	.65	.35

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Philosophers in Pembroke

(Continued from Page Two)

For proof, consult the lady's blotter! (9)
Now at the final parting hour (10)
He flees—amid a misty shower, (11)
Tossing a greeting short and snappy,
May your New Year be bright and happy! (12)
Or in other words:
Polly!
Golly! (13)

Footnotes:

(1) Maybe they do clean up?

(2) Bulgarian for "It is because."

(3) What are linnets anyhow, and are they absent? I wonder?

(4) Well, he got a few hours' sleep. Make it "hardly ever."

(5) Is it sculpture or just plain morbidity?

(6) As in P. E. end-of the-hall.

(7) You don't know the half of it.

(8) They used to; maybe this is obsolete.

(9) "Life is one big phlop!" as Schopenhauer also remarked.

(10) 8 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

(11) Does it always rain here?

(12) Pretty conventional thought, but from the heart, at that.

(13) Write your own exegesis of this.

—*H. A. L.*

Helpful Hints for Grads

A college paper provides this much-needed list of practical uses for Cap and Gown:

Cap:

1. With proper motion of the head, tassel makes handy fly-swisher.
2. May be used as fish bowl with stationary bottom.
3. Or, as waste-basket or ash tray.
4. Excellent for balancing books on the head.
5. To make the unintellectual look studious (if this fails, study).

Gown:

1. May be used as pen-wiper in exams.
2. For rain-coat; with detachable fur scarf, as evening wrap.
3. As winding-sheet.
4. As disguise.
5. To conceal excess poundage. (If this doesn't work, reduce.)

—(N. S. F. A.)

According to mid-term reports posted at the registrar's office recently, 1460 University of North Carolina students are failing their work thus far this quarter.

News of the New York Theatres

(Continued from Page Two)

and all did not go as well as might be expected. All the critics thought she was deserving of great praise, but there their plaudits ended, although without insult. Which all goes to prove that one face cannot carry a play, and that all critics cannot ignore a face. If a less remarkable face had appeared probably the morning papers would have carried the usual damning, but under the circumstances the critics said that Miss Jeans was lovely and that they all had a good time. The play got no mention. All is apparently not lost when a critic's soul is concerned, and cynics like Mr. Sirovich should take heart, write bad plays, put charming actresses in them, and be content.

Design for Living, the Noel Coward comedy, starring Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, and Noel Coward, opened most auspiciously in Cleveland last Wednesday, January 4. The play comes to the Ethel Barrymore Theatre January 23, for a run limited to twelve weeks. The following reprint is made from the *Cleveland News*' review of the opening night:

"The world premiere of Noel Coward's "Design for Living" at the Hanna Theatre last evening, with Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Coward jointly starred, was one of the most notable events that has transpired in the local theatre during the last twenty years.

"Here is Noel Coward delivering his message to the people of the time in which he lives; and he makes them laugh at themselves.

"His story is the same eternal triangle; but it is a strangely different triangle, with a wavering hypotenuse and two curved sides; yet in the sum total, as inevitably must be true, the squares of that hypotenuse are exactly equal to the squares of the other two sides."

In the Library

(*Reprint From The College News, January* 22, 1919)

In these days of stress many are doubtless unbalanced by a frantic desire to pass their examinations at any cost. Nothing else, we assume, could account for the depravity of a class who, in the common verdict, "deserve to be branded."

Their offense is that of keeping library books from their fellow students. If they take a book out overnight, they content themselves with getting it back any time before nine the next morning. Their imagination does not reach far enough to picture the student who gets over to the library by eight expressly to read the book in question. They take books out before 9.30 at night, not realizing that it is a concession for them to be allowed to take books out at 9.30. They keep books three and four hours, instead of two; then in an effort not to be caught, put the books back themselves—on the wrong reserve.

Hardest of all to forget, they take out a book on the eve of an examination without signing for it, leaving their classmates who had reserved the volume vainly searching the reserve shelves, reflecting bitterly on the baseness of student-kind.

All of which probably goes to show that human nature doesn't change much from generation to generation, which may be a valuable thought, but is hardly an encouraging one. If the human race is to progress it might just as well start in small things like this. We strongly recommend it as an achievement that this group of students might add to their other distinctions.

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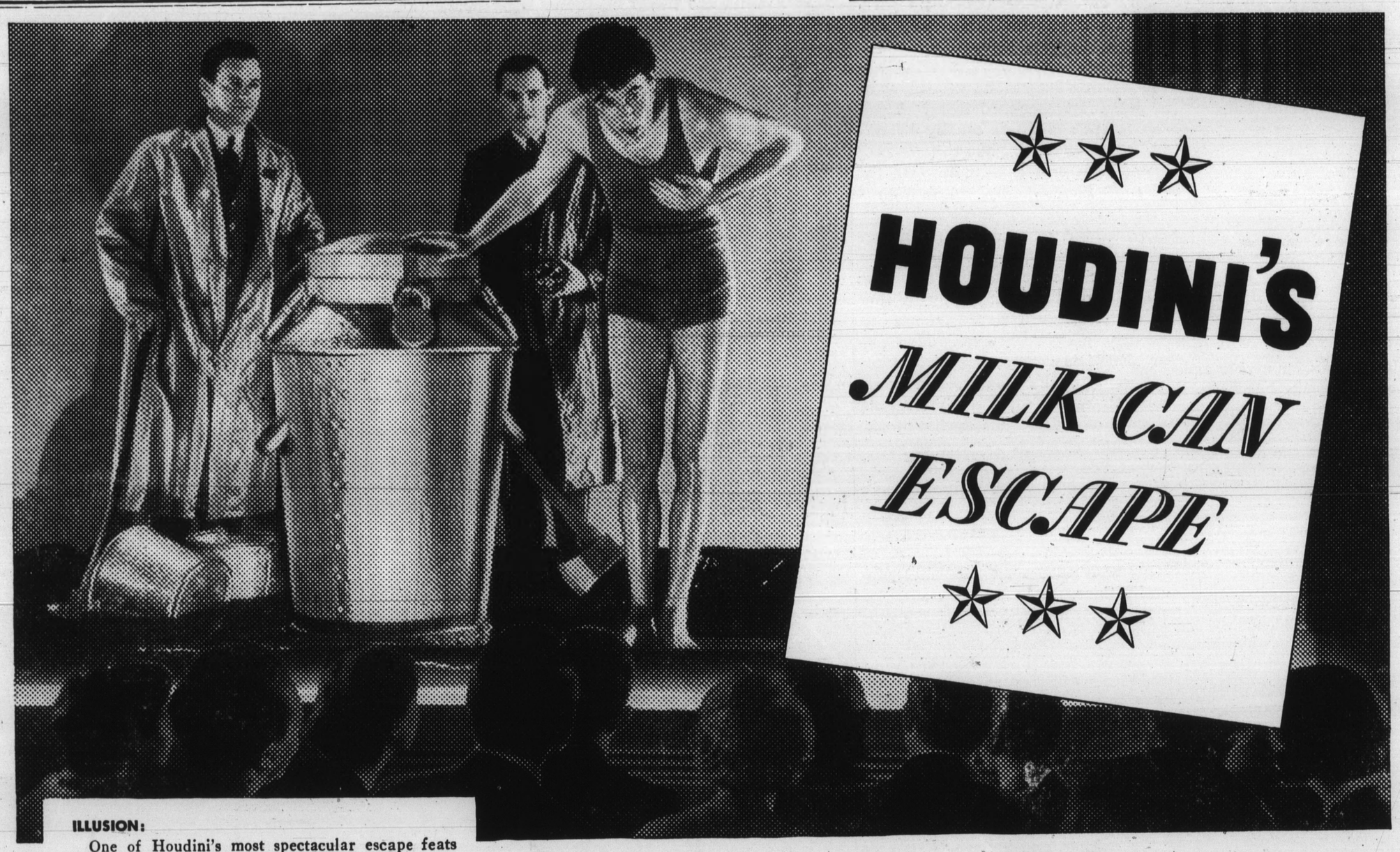


ILLUSION:

One of Houdini's most spectacular escape feats was performed with a huge milk can filled with water. He invited persons of the audience to bring padlocks and lock him into the can. He got into the can, the lid was put on and fastened with several padlocks. A screen was placed in front of the can. Assistants stood by with stop watches and fire axes to save him from drowning after a certain time. About a minute later, the screen was removed, Houdini was seen panting and dripping... the padlocks remaining intact!

EXPLANATION:

The usual method of escaping from a milk can is as follows: The lid of the can is apparently securely padlocked to the lower portion, but actually the metal band to which the staples are attached is the top of a short inner lining. The performer, after being locked into the can, pushes the lid upward with his head and the short inner lining is forced out of place, permitting his escape. The screen is then removed.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED
...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

What exciting magic there is in cigarette advertising!

Let's look at one of its greatest *illusions* ...that cigarettes can be mysteriously given superior "FLAVOR."

THE EXPLANATION: Just three factors control the flavor of a cigarette. The addition of artificial flavoring...the blending of various tobaccos...and the *quality* of the tobaccos themselves. Quality is the most important. Artificial flavoring can never wholly disguise the poor flavor of cheap tobaccos.

The blending of several cheap, raw tobaccos cannot improve the flavor of any of them. A fine cigarette is a cigarette blended from costly, ripe tobaccos.

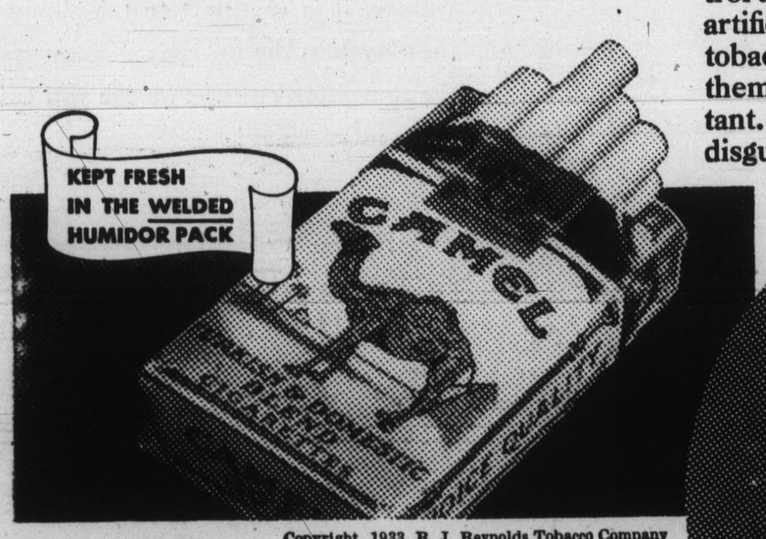
It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

This is why the Camel flavor has never been rivaled . . . why Camels have given more pleasure to more people than any other cigarette ever made.

In *more costly tobaccos* lies the secret of Camels' delicate "bouquet"...of their rich, cool flavor—of their non-irritating mildness.

It's the tobacco that counts.

All the natural goodness of Camel's tobacco is kept *fresh* and rich for you by the air-tight, *welded* Humidor Pack. Don't remove it. Its *moisture-proof* cellophane also protects your Camels from dust and germs. Put a pack in your pocket today.



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